

DELL COMIC  
A DELL COMIC  
A DELL COMIC

NOVEMBER

10¢

# The Lone Ranger

ALL COMICS!

52 pages



# OLD INDIAN CUSTOMS



EAGLES AND CROWS, CAUGHT AS FLEDGLINGS AND TRAINED MUCH LIKE FALCONS, OFTEN HELPED THE INDIAN WITH HIS FISHING AND SMALL GAME HUNTING.



TO COOK WILD FOWL THE BIRD WAS FIRST CLEANED BUT NOT PLUCKED. THE FEATHERS WERE COATED WITH MUD AND THE FOWL PLACED IN A PREHEATED HOLE, THEN COVERED WITH HOT STONES. WHEN COOKED THE FEATHERS CAME OFF EASILY WITH THE HARD CLAY.



THE FAVORITE FOOD AMONG THE BUFFALO HUNTERS OF THE GREAT PLAINS WAS RAW KIDNEY AND BRAINS FROM A FRESHLY KILLED BUFFALO.

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# The LONE RANGER

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NO USE SAYING ADDS TO THOSE HORRORS, SUREST—THEY WOULDN'T ARSEH... NOW, LET'S WHOOSE OUT OF HERE!



2  
HOURS  
LATER

TOMTOS WERE TOO LATE. ANOTHER STAGE HAS BEEN ABANDONED!

TWO DEAD MEN... WHO DO THIS?



HOLSTER YOUR GUNS, TOMTO! WHOEVER DID THIS IS DONE!



LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.



LOOK WHAT TOMTO FIND!



A BECKER SPURS!







THE POSSE AND THE PRISONER HEAD FOR POWDER RIVER, WHILE ABOVE THE TRAIL A MASKED RIDER KEEPS HIS CONSTANT WATCH.











WE'LL TRIAL 'EM,  
MISS SALLY!

YENNO! WE'LL PUT 'EM  
BOTH IN THE CILA-  
BOOSE, MISS SALLY!



WON'NT THAT  
STRANGE? I WAS  
GOING TO MENTION  
THIS SILVER BUL-  
LET THE MASKED  
MEN GAVE ME -  
AND YET I COUL-  
DN'T... WHY?



HE NOTICED GIRL  
WHEN WE GO -  
GIRL LIKE YOU  
HEAR MUCH!

FORGET IT,  
TONTO, SHE  
WON'T LIKE  
EITHER OF US,  
IF WE PROVE  
HER FATHER  
ISN'T HONEST!



WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, TONTO.  
LOOK DOWN IN THE VALLEY!



THE SHERIFF OF PONDER RIVER! IS THIS ANY WAY FOR AN HONEST MAN TO ACT? . . .

I CAN DRAW A DEAD RIGHT ON HIS  
HEART.









•  
AN HOUR LATER AT THE FOOT OF BUTZARD'S NEST  
•  
•



HE NOT BRAVE? WHY YOU  
STARE ATUM WATERFALL?

UP, SILVER!



RIGHT THROUGH, SILVER!



I GUESSED RIGHT, TONTO! THIS  
UNDERGROUND PASSAGE MUST  
LEAD TO THE TOP OF BUZZARD'S  
NEST!



YOU'LL NEVER GET  
TO THE TOP!

WE'LL RUDE YOU DOWN,  
MISTER! HI-YO, SILVER  
AWAY!



THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO  
MEET A HAIL OF GUNFIRE! . . .

RIGHT AT HIM, TONTO! EITHER HE GIVES UP - OR WE GO DOWN!



BUT THE MASKED MAN LEADS THE WAY - RIGHT INTO THE RAIN OF BULLETS.

THE OUTLAW BREAKS FIRST! WHEELING HIS HORSE, HE GALLOPS HEADLONG UP THE TUNNEL!



WE HEAR TOP. FEEL FRESH AIR.

KEEP COMING. ONCE WE HIT THE TOP WE'LL FIND THE TROUBLE.



THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO PRESS GRIMLY ALONG THE TUNNEL - UP AND UP AND UP!

THERE THEY ARE!

IT'S THEIR FINISH! NOBODY EVER LEAVES BUZZARD'S NEST ALIVE!



NOW WE FIND-UM OUTLAW!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL, TONTO - DUCK!



THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO REACH THE TOP





TH' HORSES SCATTERED WHEN THE FIGHT STARTED. CLELLAN, IF WE GET TO OURS BEFORE THE LONE RANGER ----

THEY SPOTTED US. HERE THEY COME!



DROP YOUR GUNS OR WE'LL DROP THEM FOR YOU!

WE'RE STOPPED - WE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER!

THEN WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT!



TONTO: MY GUNS ARE EMPTY! I HAVE NO MORE ---- TONTO ----



TONTO DROPS UNDER A RAIL OF BULLETS! FOR A MOMENT, THE MASKED MAN STARES AT HIS FALLEN FRIEND!

THEN HE CHARGES LIKE AN AVENGING PANTHER STRAIGHT AT THE OUTLAYS!





BUT THE LONE RANGER STAYS ERECT, HIS UNDOMINABLE SPIRIT KEEPS HIM IN THE FIGHT - - -

THE MAN STANDS FOR A MOMENT, AMAZED, UNABLE TO BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES



- - AND IN THAT MOMENT! - - -



A TREACHEROUS CHARGE AND  
THE LONE RANGER HURTLES  
THROUGH THE AIR!



OVER THE CLIFF!

HE'S A GONER!



NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF  
THAT MURDER HE WAS JUST  
WOUNDED



BUT THEY'RE COMING  
BACK! UNITE ME!

UGH, TONTO  
PLENTY WEAK,  
BUT HIM TRY--



ARE WE  
INTERRUPTIN'  
SOMETHIN'?

WHERE  
LONE  
RANGER?

OVER  
THE CLIFF  
HE'S DEAD!



THE WORDS BOMB IN TONTO'S EARS!  
HE SITS LIKE A FROZEN STATUE!









THE SWINGER WHACKS THE ROPE  
AND LUGERO'S BULLET GOES  
• • • WILD! • • •



BUT THE GIRL AND WOUNDED  
INDIAN ARE NO MATCH FOR  
• • • THE OUTLAWS • • •



THIS TIME NOTHIN'  
CAN STOP ME!



THEN OUT OF NOWHERE  
THUNDERS THE GIANT  
• • • STALLION! • • •







# The Lone Ranger





YOUR WIFE'S NOT INJURED!  
LET'S GET THESE PEOPLE  
OUT OF HERE!

LOOK  
WHAT  
COME!



THE SAVINGS JOURNAL OVER THE TRAIN DISCREP--



AS SOON AS THE RECKONING  
IS DONE, WE'LL GO ON  
ON THE FUNDLES OF  
PAPER MONEY!

LARGEST  
MONEY  
I EVER  
GOT,  
DAM!



WE CAN NEVER  
FIGHT OFF ALL  
THOSE  
SAVINGS!

THERE'S ONE CHANCE  
FOR US! PLAY DEAD  
GET DOWN BEFORE  
THEY GET TO THIS  
CAR!



THE SAVAGES ARE CALLED BY HIS  
COMPANIONS BECAUSE HE COUGHED  
AND POKED ABOUT ON THE LOWE RANGE.



THEY'VE FOUND THE  
CANNON! THEY MAY  
TAKE THEM AND  
LEAVE US!

IN SPITE OF  
THAT, WE'LL  
OVERLEAP GET OUT  
OF HERE, ALIVE!  
LOOK BEHIND  
YOU!



IF WE LEAVE, THE SAVAGES WILL KILL US!  
IF WE STAY HERE, WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!



STEVE! THEY'VE SET  
THE TRAIN Afire! ALL  
THAT PAPER MONEY  
WILL BURN!

WE GOT TO GET  
OUT. PREPARE!



THESE TWO ONLY  
PEOPLE STILL  
ALIVE!

PERHAPS THE  
FLAMES AREN'T  
SO BAD IN THE  
NEXT CAR! GO  
THERE UNTIL THE  
INDIANS ARE  
OUT OF THE  
WAY!



THE FLAMES AREN'T  
QUITE AS BAD HERE!

LOOK! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
OFF QUICK!







THE INDIANS ARE SURE OF THEIR SUCCESS IN ATTACKING THE FORT.



THE HORSES OF THE OLD CREEPS WILL TAKE YOU TO THE NEXT TOWN! THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE! TOMTO AND I MUST TRY AND LURE THE TROOPS!

WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE, STRANGER, COME TO TOWN SO MAGGIE AND I CAN SHOW OUR APPRECIATION! YOU CERTAINLY SAVED OUR LIVES!



MEANWHILE--

LOOK AT THOSE REDNEKS! THIS IS OUR FINISH!



THOSE REDNEKS HAVE HAD POWDER AND CANNON BALLS FOR SOME TIME! NOW! THEY'VE GOT CANNON!

HAVE THE REDNEKS THE SUPPLY TRAIN! WE MUST MOVE A-CHOMP! BEHIND 'EM NOW! THEY'VE WASTED THE STOCKPILE FOR A LONG TIME!



LOOK AT THAT! THEY'VE BEEN TOLD TO USE EXPLODING CANNON BALLS!















# Little Man RUNS THE GAUNTLET

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Five hundred pounding hoofs flung up a cloud of desert dust to greet the red dawn. On the flanks of the bunch rode Little Man and Buffalo Calf—wary, hungry, and proud. Hours ago they had cheated death at the hands of the cruel Comanches. Now they were running north with more than a hundred of their enemies' stock. This bunch of horses meant wealth for the Navajo boys—if they could keep it!

If they could stay ahead of the Comanche riders who must already be hot on their trail! If they could keep their cavy together through the burning desert and the broken mountain passes—across deep dry wash and flooding river! If they could win home into the Navajo canyons where enemies dared not follow!

Even at the certain risk of their lives, it was worth a try. Not once during the day did boys or horses stop for water—or for a mouthful of food. The only pause was to butcher a calf that had broken its leg in a prairie dog hole. Little Man had tied a chunk of the fresh meat to his pony and ridden on.

That night, tired as the horses were, it was hard to keep them from bolting

in search of water. A few of them lay down. A few snatched mouthfuls of dry grass. Most of them moved restlessly, snorting and sniffing the air, which promised rain.

The rain came without wind or lightning. Little Man, sleeping his turn on the dusty ground, with his pony's tether rope tied to his wrist, felt the patter of cooling drops on his skin. Then, without further warning, came the real downpour! In a few moments, the horses were sucking up water from rain puddles. The Navajo boys caught rain in their cupped hands and drank from them. And all in a darkness so thick, that there was no such thing as sight!

Before daylight, the rain clouds passed. Little Man and Buffalo Calf could see enough now, to round up their horse herd. Refreshed and rested, they made good time. They had to! Not even washed-out tracks could keep the Comanches from following them.

Dawn glinted from a bright streak on the desert floor.

"The river!" cried Buffalo Calf, joining his older friend. "See! The rain last night has filled it, bank to bank. We'll

never get our horses across until it goes down."

"That would be too late," replied Little Man grimly. "The river will be under then the Camanches. We shall cross it or drown, Buffalo Calf. . . Don't let the ponies break away when they reach the edge."

The ponies did not break. Still thirsty after their long run, they crowded to plunge their muzzles into the yellow stream. Little Man took time out to gallop to a little bluff and scan their back trail. At first he saw no sign of life; but as he watched, a dozen tiny specks tapped a distant rise. Only for an instant were they visible, yet, in that instant, Little Man recognized them: Camanches! They were clinging to the horse trail with the bloodthirsty purpose of a wolf pack. "In half an hour they would arrive!"

Little Man signaled the news to Buffalo Calf as he galloped to the rear of the cavy. The younger boy rode yelling at the ponies' rear. Short—splash—squeal—and the bunch was into the river current.

Swift water began to turn them downstream, but Little Man had foreseen that. Swimming his horse upstream toward them, he let off a series of bloodcurdling whoops. He splashed water. He fought the head of the pony

hard back into the cross-stream course.

Three times the boy turned his wiry mount back to straighten out the swimming cavy. The pony's strength was failing. Little Man felt it. He waited until another horse swam close—then changed mounts in midstream. A quick loop of his rope around the second pony's nose, and he was "bridled." In ten minutes, the last of the cavy was across, with Buffalo Calf whooping at their rear.

Ahead rose the blue-gray mountains that bordered Navajo Land. Behind came the Camanches, and death. The boys could escape now—by abandoning all but a few of their captured ponies. But their dander was up. They had risked too much to quit. They drove the cavy at top speed, reckless of gullies, rocks and holes.

As the miles spun behind under those racing hoofs, the cavy grew a little smaller. Old horses and weak ones failed to jump all the dry washes. A few lagged or broke away and there was no time to chase them back into the bunch. But a full hundred fast, tough broncos thundered on.

The blue mountains changed to purple, to brown, to red and yellow and gray, all mixed. A canyon mouth opened in the looming wall of foothills. Reeling with weariness, Little Man





glanced back. The Comanches' horses were tired, too. They could not gain fast. But their dust cloud was now only a mile to the rear. Like gray wolves, they would not give up. Not until their mounts died under them!

Little Man and Buffalo Calf would not give up, either. They flanked their little herd, guiding it into the canyon's mouth. For half a mile the tiny valley stretched clear before them.

Then, around a bend, Little Man saw mounted Indians. Some of them were halting where the canyon pinched in to a narrow bottleneck. Others were galloping to encircle the boys' cavy. They were stringing their short bows, fitting arrows to the strings.

"Apaches!" yelled Buffalo Calf. "We'll have to run for it—"

"NO!" Little Man screamed, above the drumming of hoofs and whoops of their new enemies. "Drive straight through the canyon! Drive!"

Little Man laid an arrow to his bow-string—and loosed it with a weak cast. The stone head barely pricked a bronco in the close packed cavy. But the prick was enough. Squealing, the little beast spread his fright to the others. The drive became a stampede that nothing could stop.

And now Apache arrows were flying. One of them grazed Little Man's ribs

He slipped to the far side of his bronco, clinging to mane and surcingle. Just in time, Buffalo Calf followed suit . . . No—not quite in time to escape an arrow through the skin of his leg!

All at once, the canyon walls closed in upon them. The Apaches knowing they could not hold the bottleneck, had leaped to precarious perches on the walls. Now they rained down arrows and tomahawks at the Navajo youngsters, "running the guntlet!"

But their aim was poor, in the dust and speed of plunging horses. Five or six ponies were struck—One went down. Sweating, dusty flanks jammed closer, forcing Little Man and Buffalo Calf to the backs of their mounts . . .

Then the danger was past. The ponies seemed to know it. At any rate, they slowed their wild pace. And far behind sounded a few rifleshots.

Little Man grinned, through the dust that caked his lips.

"Comanches ran into Apache arrows!" he shouted to his friend. "They'll have no time to chase us now, Buffalo Calf."

"They would not dare to, anyway," laughed the younger boy. "We are close to our home canyon. You have done what you promised to do. From now on, your name will be LITTLE-MAN-BRINGING-MANY-HORSES-HOME!"



# YOUNG HAWK



I CAN'T EAT ANOTHER  
MOTHER-- I'M GOING OUT  
TO LOOK FOR LITTLE  
BUCK NOW!

BUT IT'S USELESS,  
MY SON! EITHER  
THE SAKDAS KILLED  
HIM--OR HE JUMPED  
OVER THE CLIFF--OR  
HE'S A--  
PRISONER!



THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT  
TO FIND OUT! GET ME THE  
WHITE RABBIT FOR ROBE,  
MOTHER-- AND MY BOW  
AND ARROWS!



DO NOT HUNT FOR YOUR LITTLE  
FRIEND TOO LONG, YOUNG  
HAWK-- AND BEWARE OF  
DAKOTA SCOUTS!

THEY WON'T  
CATCH  
ME!



IF LITTLE BUCK DID JUMP, HE  
WOULD HAVE BROKEN THROUGH  
THE RIVER ICE!

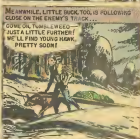


THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM  
BELOW-- I'LL CLIMB UP THERE  
WHERE THE DAKOTAS AMBUSHED  
US THIS MORNING!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE CLIFF ABOVE THE RIVER,  
LITTLE BUCK CRAWLS OUT.

THIS OLD BEAR DEN MADE ME  
A GOOD HIDING PLACE-- BUT  
I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO COME  
OUT NOW!







WHERE WERE YOU GOING,  
MANDAN PAPOOSE?

TO FIND THE  
DAKOTAS!



HAS THE GREAT SPIRIT  
TOUCHED HIS BRAIN?  
A SHU-O DOES NOT  
TAKE THE WARPATH  
ALONE!

—OR WITHOUT A  
WEAPON? HE BROUGHT  
A LITTLE FOOD AND A  
SLEEPING ROBE!



TIE THE BOY AND HIS DOG TO A TREE  
NEAR THE FIRE, AND DO NOTHING TO  
HARM THEM... A SPIRIT-TOUCHED  
CAPTIVE MIGHT BRING US LUCK!



LITTLE BUCK IS THE ONE WHO  
IS LUCKY! I'LL TRY TO SET  
HIM FREE WHEN THEY'RE  
ALL ASLEEP!



YOU HAD BETTER BRING US  
LUCK SOON, PAPOOSE—OR  
WE'LL TAKE YOUR SCALP!

THE DAKOTAS TALK  
BIG —

FAR-AH-HUM! GO TO SLEEP,  
TALKING DROW!

NEARLY INVISIBLE UNDER HIS WHITE RABBIT ROSE, YOUNG HARK CRAWLS INTO THE SLEEPING CAMP...



TERRIFIED, LEST TUMBLEWEED WHINE AGAIN AND WARN THE DANDIES, LITTLE BUCK AWAKENS HIS FRIEND'S APPROACH.



WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TUMBLEWEED---OR HE'LL MAKE A MESS!



QUIVERING WITH EXCITEMENT, TUMBLEWEED WATCHES--AND THE BOYS CHEAD THE BARK OR WHINE THAT WILL GIVE THEM AWAY...



BUT THE RISKIEST WORK STILL REMAINS...

SUDDENLY, AWARE THAT HE IS BEING DESERTED, TUMBLEWEED ACTS...



THE BOY-- HE'S GONE!



UP-- AND AFTER HIM! THAT DOG WILL LEAD US!







AI-E-E-E! THAT VOICE—  
—RIGHT AMONG  
US—!

NOW, RUN, DAKOTAS!  
RUN HOME TO YOUR  
WOMEN WHILE YOU  
STILL CAN!



RUN! THE MANDAN MEDICINE  
IS TOO STRONG FOR US!

THOROUGHLY SCARED AND WEAPONLESS, THE WAR  
PARTY OBEYS ITS UNSEEN ENEMY—YOUNG HAWK!



IT'S ALL OVER, LITTLE  
BUCK! LET'S GO BACK TO  
THE DAKOTAS' CAMPFIRE  
AND COOK US A HOT MEAL!

YOUNG HAWK, YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL! AND  
I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH  
TO EAT MY MEAT  
RAW!

PIP-  
PIP-  
YAPP



READY FOR SOME MORE  
ROAST DEER MEAT,  
LITTLE BUCK?

WASH? YOU WANT ME  
TO BURST? EAT IT  
YOURSELF!



THE DAKOTAS LEFT ALL THEIR  
BUFFALO ROBES BEHIND...  
THEY WILL SLEEP COLD  
TONIGHT, YOUNG HAWK—

—IF THEY SLEEP  
I THINK THEY'LL  
KEEP WALKING  
TILL THEY REACH  
HOME!



AT SUNRISE...

HOWARE WE GOING TO  
CARRY ALL THESE DAKOTA  
DOLLS AND HATCHETS  
HOME, YOUNG HAWK?

PUT THEM ON TUMBLE-  
WEE'S TRAWOIS!



SATE THAT GLEAMING FLAME OF HOPE FLICKERS LOW ON THE HEARTH OF LITTLE BUCK'S HOME...

PO-ON! WO-OO-EE!  
MY LITTLE BOY, MY LITTLE  
BUCK, IS NO MORE! WO-O!  
THE DAKOTA'S KILLED  
HIM!

THERE IS STILL HOPE,  
OHL WOMAN! MY SON,  
YOUNG HAWK, HAS NOT  
RETURNED, EITHER!



THEY COME! THEY COME!  
YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE  
BUCK WITH THEIR BOS!



BUT SUDDENLY A GLAD SHOUT RINGS FROM THE  
STOCKADE GATE...

LOOK! THEY HAVE MANY  
BOSWS AND TOMAHAWKS!

WHERE DID THEY  
GET THOSE?

MY SON! MY SON!



YES--WE GOT ALL THE DAKOTA  
WEAPONS! YOUNG HAWK MADE  
THEM DROP EVERYTHING THEY  
HAD! -- AND THERE ARE MANY  
MANY 6000 BUFFALO HORN  
BACK THERE AT THE  
DAKOTA CAMP-- MORE  
THAN WE COULD BRING!

I WISH I HAD  
BEEN THERE TO  
SEE IT! HO-HO-  
HO!



WE'LL GET THEM, YOUNG  
HAWK -- AND THE NEXT  
TIME YOU TAKE THE  
WARPATH, LET US  
COME ALONG!

UWH! UWH!





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I'M IN EVERY ISSUE OF THE LONE RANGER TOO. I BRING YOU THRILLING STORIES OF HOW MY PEOPLE LIVED, HUNTED, AND FOUGHT IN THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS.



**YOUNG HAWK**

